

MAYOR'S DAUGHTER SECRETLY MARRIED

WEATHER—Showers To-Night or Sunday.

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NIGHT EDITION

The



World.

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"Circulation Books Open to All."

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MRS. AVA W. ASTOR GETS PUBLIC SNUB FROM QUEEN MARY

Drop of Eyelids Only Recognition of Her Bow as They Pass in Hyde Park.

ON CROWDED DRIVE.

American Woman Had Saluted While Seated in Her Auto, Halted for Royalty.

LONDON, May 20.—Queen Mary loses no opportunity to let some American women know that they do not enjoy the favor from her that King Edward and Queen Alexandra bestowed on them.

When Mrs. Ava W. Astor was driving through Hyde Park yesterday her motor car was halted while Queen Mary passed near St. James Gate. Mrs. Astor bowed as low as she could, being seated, of course. Those who saw it say the Queen did no more than drop her eyelids in acknowledgment of Mrs. Astor's salutation.

The contrast between the costumes of the two women was most striking. Mrs. Astor was a perfect picture of modern "smartness," the Queen wore one of the sedate British gowns of which she seems so proud. Mrs. Astor's black satin gown clung to her so closely that one wondered how she contrived to sit down without something happening. The neck of her corsage was cut very low, revealing a daintily white throat. Her black hat was enormously large; perhaps its size explained the fact that she was alone in the automobile. Her dress was opened at the foot to allow free movement in walking.

Reclining as she was in her automobile, Mrs. Astor presented a startling but fascinating picture. The Queen was attired in a conventional bodice of gray cashmere, made with long, tight sleeves and finishing in a point back and front after the fashion of twenty-five years ago. Her skirt, pleated closely at the waist, fell in thick folds. Her hat was small and of an old-fashioned type, trimmed with three feathers, all on one side, and a velvet bow on the other.

Mrs. Astor created a sensation at Lady Saffell's fancy dress dinner by coming in a beautiful harem costume.

TON OF ICE UNDER TAFT KEEPS HIM SMILING.

President Nicely Prepared for an All Summer Struggle with Congress.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—Congressmen who met in to see President Taft these days are not surprised to learn that he isn't worrying about the date of adjournment. While at Washington in smiling with the Executive office shows a temperature of about 90. The President sits over a ton of ice each day, for the White House refrigerating plant is just beneath his desk. The cooled air is forced into the room by fans and streamers. The President's office is kept at a temperature of about 70. It comes to a struggle between Congress and the President. Mr. Taft will have an aid in the hot weather. The Capitol is a hot spot and even the aid of lemonade and iced aerated water doesn't offset the advantage of twenty degrees difference in temperature.

"Greatest Quantity—Finest Quality."

Continental Casualty Company, 367 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N.Y., May 15, 1911.

Publisher, N.Y. World. In there appeared an ad. in your "Help Wanted" columns inserted by me. I received twenty-five replies to same. On the same date the same ad. appeared in two other of the large daily New York papers and brought a total of twenty-five replies. This is not the first time the WORLD HELP WANTED AD. has shown its pulling power over other papers. The class of applicants secured through the World for the various positions I have open at times have been of the finest quality. Energetic and progressive men evidently read the World when looking for opportunities better than their present positions.

My business has more than tripled as the result of ADVERTISING IN THE WORLD. I am, Yours very truly, J. E. SCHUYLER, Brooklyn Manager.

Sunday World Ads. Bring Monday Answers

ASTOR'S FORMER WIFE SNUBBED IN PUBLIC BY ENGLISH QUEEN.



WHOOPIING COUGH DRIVES WOMAN TO LEAP FIVE STORIES

Young Mother's Mind Weakened by Ailment She Suffered With Her Baby.

So weakened by an attack of whooping cough after the birth of a child that her mind gave way, Mrs. Rebecca Schmeier, young wife of William Schmeier, a tinsmith, of No. 47 Clinton street, dived from the roof of the five-story tenement at that number early today and is lying in Gouverneur Hospital.

That the woman was not killed outright was due to the fact that in falling her body bounced from one to another of a network of clothes lines stretched from the rear windows at each floor. As it was, she suffered a broken arm and leg, besides internal injuries.

The Schmeiers came to Clinton street from Harlem recently and took a flat one story below that of Mrs. Schmeier's mother, Mrs. Rachel Steinfield.

Had Cough Two Mo. As.

After her second child was born, two months ago, both mother and child were stricken with whooping cough. Mrs. Schmeier's frame was racked constantly by the cough, and her weakness developed the hallucination that her husband was about to send her to Ward A Island.

Yesterday she became so bad that her husband stayed home to attend her, and last night took her up to her mother's flat to sleep.

After breakfast in the Steinfield flat today, Mrs. Schmeier fell to weeping and begged not to be sent away. Her husband, who seemed to calm down and said she would go to her own flat to get clothing for the baby.

Instead, she darted to the roof, standing over the edge of the two-foot high coping, tripping as she did so, so that her body plunged down close to the building's wall.

10,000 'COPS' HUNT A WEEK FOR LOST ONE IN UNIFORM

August B. Woods Turns Up To-day Still Wearing His Blue Coat

AND SHAKY IN HIS GAIT.

Tells Precinct Commander He Has Been Looking for His Station House.

If one were asked offhand what might be considered the easiest task to which a policeman could be assigned one might reply in reason that the easiest task to which a policeman could be assigned would be to find another policeman in full uniform. But, in the light of what happened to Patrolman August B. Woods this reply might be wrong—quite wrong.

Consider the case of Patrolman August B. Woods. He was attached to the East Fifty-first Precinct. On last Sunday at midnight he went out on post. He should have returned at 2 o'clock Monday morning.

He did not return at 2 o'clock Monday morning. Inasmuch as coming in from post is one of the most expeditious feats a patrolman performs, he sometimes covering the distance from the furthest beat to the station house in two or three minutes after the clock strikes, the desk lieutenant was surprised out of his usual calm.

Messenger Sent for Him.

Patrolman Woods had not returned at 8 o'clock in the morning, and the precinct commander was notified. A messenger was sent to Woods' home, at No. 30 South street, City Island. He was not there. The messenger sent out in the precinct could find no trace of him. On Monday night a general alarm was sent out with Patrolman August B. Woods as the subject.

This general alarm reflected that Patrolman August B. Woods was missing, described him accurately, gave the number of his shield and instructed all police officers to keep a sharp lookout for said August B. Woods. Every police officer in the city got the order.

Tuesday night came. No trace of Patrolman August B. Woods. Nor was there any trace reported of him Wednesday morning.

Thursday morning, or Thursday night, or Friday night, in the mean time the vigilant 10,000 policemen of Greater New York were undoubtedly keeping a sharp lookout for their missing brother officer.

Patrolman John Tierney and Charles Porokony, leaving the East Fifty-first street station at 8 o'clock this morning to patrol their beats wandered languidly to Third avenue. A person approached them on the corner.

"Looks like a cop," remarked Tierney to Porokony.

"He's got a uniform on," agreed Porokony.

Then He Got Back.

And that is how Patrolman August B. Woods, for it was he, came back to the East Fifty-first street station house. He had his helmet jauntily tilted over his left ear and a half consumed cigar depended from his features. The crease in his uniform trousers had disappeared, his blouse was wrinkled like an accordion and he was carrying excess baggage in the shape of a disk, disk and other matter of which he had cleared the Department of Street Cleaning.

Gently Tierney and Porokony guided their brother officer to the green lamp, up the steps and into the presence of the desk lieutenant. That official consulted the records.

"Patrolman August B. Woods?" he asked. "Where have you been since 2 o'clock A. M.?"

"Been looking for the shavvy-house," replied Patrolman August B. Woods.

Whereupon they turned him over to Police Sergeant Vosburg, who applied the usual tests. Patrolman August B. Woods was found guilty of absconding. As in the light of what happened to Patrolman August B. Woods one might ask one's self: If 10,000 policemen cannot find a policeman in full uniform in a week, how long would it take them to find an open saloon on Sunday?

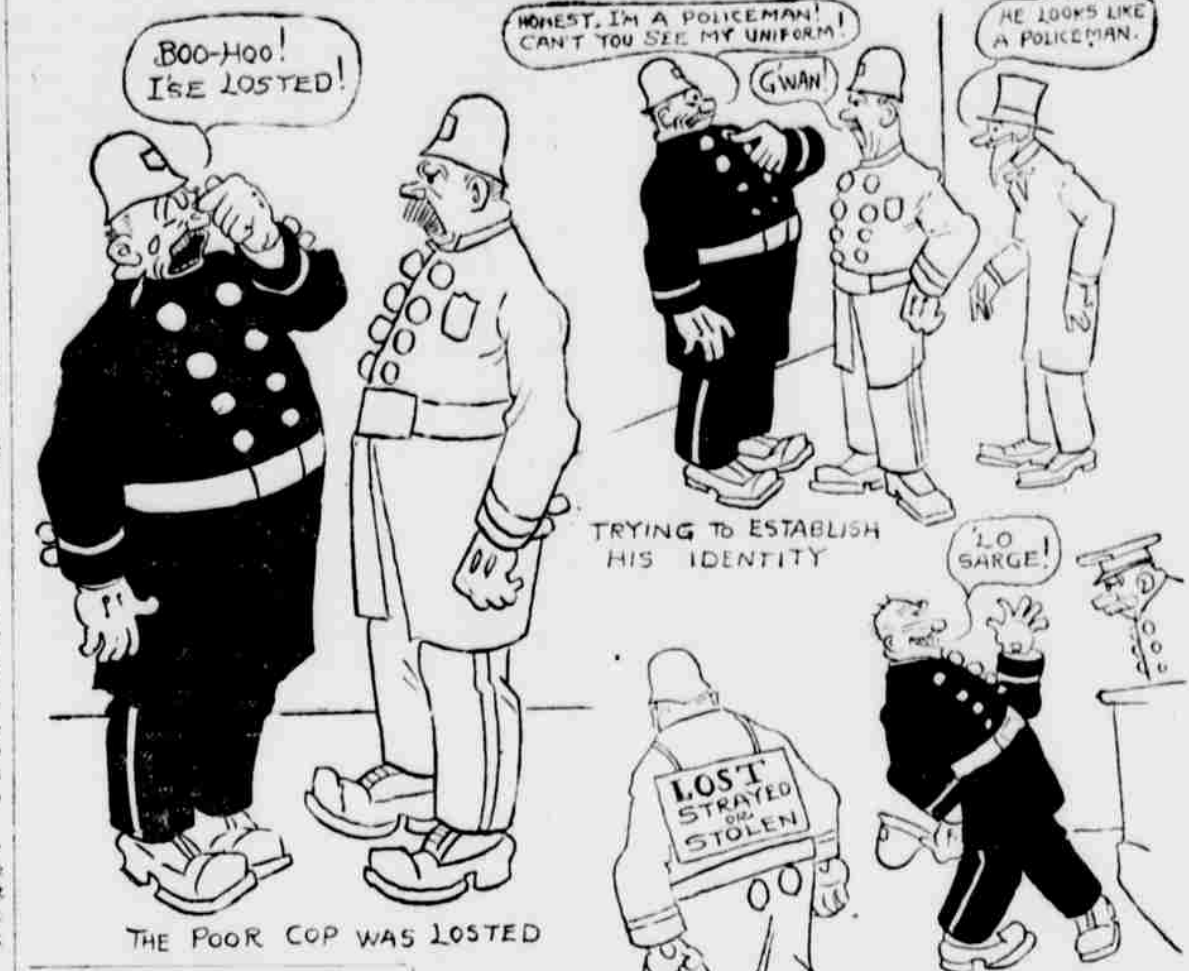
Leaps Over Coping.

Before the half-watertoned Tanager realized the woman's plight, she had jumped herself headlong over the two-foot high coping, tripping as she did so, so that her body plunged down close to the building's wall.

All the ten tenants were aroused by the crash into the yard of power pots and boxes, dragged from window sills by Mrs. Schmeier in her descent, and soon a crowd surrounded the woman in the yard. Her husband and mother were among the first to reach her.

Dr. Elmle came with an ambulance from Gouverneur Hospital. He said Mrs. Schmeier had not one chance in a hundred to live.

Some Amusing Incidents in the Wanderings in the City of a Lost Cop



13-YEAR OTHELLO DENIES KNIFING HIS DESDEMONA

He'd Scorn to Use Other Weapon Than His Fist on His Eleven-Year-Old Coquette.

Because his pretty little Desdemona accepted a Coney Island candy cane from a rival and wouldn't say who was so, Willie Holbach, a thirteen-year-old Othello in knickerbockers, tried to spit his lady love's beauty by shoving her in the face with a knife, then ran home and hid in bed, from whence a big centurian dragged him a little later to answer for his impetuous wooing.

The youthful, up-to-date rival of the jealous Moor was brought to the Children's Court today to tell Justice Hoyt about it. As he stood upon the dais at the bar of justice only the upper half of his brown, close cropped head could be seen above the rail. His frank and rosy countenance was a bit clouded by tearstains, but he looked a right handsome and dashing young gallant, for all that.

Beats Back His Tears.

Willie's eyes, big and brown, gazed fearfully at the justice, and only once or twice did he surreptitiously dab at them with the back of a sun-burned hand to beat back the tears that would well up in them as the awful sounding charge of Policeman John J. Allen, who had yanked him from his refuge in bed, was read. This was to the effect that last evening, Willie, who lives with his mother at No. 79 East Ninety-sixth street, during a quarrel in the street, had stabbed Fannie Brodsky, eleven years old, of No. 28 East Ninety-sixth street, with a penknife, inflicting a wound on her forehead so deep that it had to be sewed up by an ambulance surgeon from Mt. Sinai Hospital.

The injured Desdemona was still in such a condition from the cut and bruise that she was unable to come to court today, and Justice Hoyt heard Willie in case of the children's court until May 28, without going into the details of the youngster's love affair and its sequel.

But Willie's mother was keeping over him because he couldn't go home with her, she was stupidly denied hitting his sweetheart with a knife. "Stop your crying, sonny, I'll be all right," he began, as a preface to his story.

"It was day-day-see," he continued, then, turning to his mother, "I didn't hit her with a knife, I punched her with my fist."

"Was she your little sweetheart?" urged the judge, when the youngster seemed to have struck a snag in his narrative.

"Sweetheart?—Nawthin'."

"Naw, nothing like day," said Willie defiantly, "but we had later go together."

OIL MILLIONAIRE SAYS SON'S WIFE DEMANDED BIG SUM

Pierce Testifies in Annulment Suit That Actress Wanted \$25,000 a Year.

Speed in The Evening World.

NEW YORK, N.Y., May 20.—No divorce was introduced today before Judge Morawetz in the suit brought in the suit brought by Judge Albert H. P. Seeger of this city, as the nearest friend, to annul the marriage of Roy Pierce to Miss Brenda Chapman. The ceremony was performed on Nov. 11, 1909. The failure of the former actress to appear apparently confirms the statement last night that she had made a settlement with the Pierce family.

An effort was made by Glenn H. Condon of the firm of Parker, Hattis & Sheahan of New York, counsel for Judge Seeger, to have the case heard privately, but Judge Morawetz would not permit it. He also refused a motion to have the evidence heard, saying it was better for the world to know the result one way or the other. He said he would decide the case on Monday.

While Judge Morawetz refused to have the case heard privately, it almost amounted to private hearing. All of the witnesses examined were called by the Pierce side. They included the father and brother of the young man and the actresses who were to testify as to his mental condition.

The father, an oil millionaire, and another, testified to the dissolute actions of the young man, to his bad character. The actresses were all grouped about the witness chair, and the testimony was given in tones so low that one of it reached the general public in the court room, and only portions of it reached the ears of the newspaper men. The father and witnesses were grouped so that they could not get back the witness stand.

Millionaire on the Stand.

Henry Clay Pierce, the aged father of the young man, was the first witness. He was greatly affected and several times was on the verge of breaking down. He told about two conversations which he had had with his son on Jan. 10, in which he and the son discussed the legality of Roy's marriage to Miss Brenda Chapman. Roy said that he had told him that she had con-

HEINZE IS SUED BY CHAUFFEUR FOR \$5,000 DAMAGES

Taxi Driver Declares Copper Millionaire Assaulted Him After Dinner at Claremont.

Fritz Augustus Heinze, the millionaire copper man, is being sued for \$5,000 damages by Joseph H. Hubbard, a chauffeur, for alleged assault.

The trouble between the copper man and the chauffeur followed a dinner party at the Claremont on Riverside drive, one night in April, 1909. J. C. McVey of the United States Furniture Company and his wife and Heinze and his wife composed the dinner party. Following, Heinze and McVey called a taxicab and directed the chauffeur, Hubbard, to drive them to the "Cafe Boulevard, on Second avenue.

After the two women alighted and started into the Cafe Boulevard with McVey, Heinze and the chauffeur got into a heated argument over the tax fare. McVey said he had noticed as he got out of the cab that the meter registered \$140. The chauffeur wanted to charge Heinze \$60, and that caused the row. Hubbard insisted Heinze assaulted him, but McVey at a preliminary hearing in the case declared he never saw any blows passed.

McVey said while at the Claremont he drank two Scotch highballs and he believed Heinze did the same.

Julius H. Seymour is Hubbard's lawyer, and Rosenthal & Rosenthal are counsel for Heinze.

Pier Wipes Out Jan Villages.

TOKYO, May 20.—Forest fires in Hokkaido, the northernmost of the islands of Japan, are devastating a vast territory of the land. A number of villages already have been destroyed. The troops have been called out and every available man is fighting the flames. The fire line is almost sixty miles in length. It is impossible this afternoon to estimate the number of fatalities or the amount of damage resulting from the conflagration.

ELDEST GAYNOR GIRL'S ELOPEMENT THIRD IN FAMILY OF THE MAYOR

Miss Gertrude Follows Example of Brother and Younger Sister by Going to Wilmington, Del., for the Ceremony.

HUSBAND MORGAN CLERK AND A SON OF DR. WEBB.

Couple Out Autoing Early To-Day and May Go to St. James for Paternal Blessing.

William Seward Webb Jr. and his bride, Gertrude Gaynor Webb, daughter of the Mayor and the third of his children to elope, were up with the birds to-day and out on a long motor spin from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer at No. 7 East Seventy-third street, where they had spent the night following their marriage in Wilmington, Del., yesterday afternoon.

The happy young bridegroom did not even wait to bid his sister, Mrs. Pulitzer, good morning, so eager was he to take his bride out for a ride. The bridal pair returned to the Pulitzer home for breakfast and later went out for another motor trip with Mrs. Pulitzer.

Mrs. Webb telephoned her father shortly after the wedding in Wilmington, and it is believed Dr. William Seward Webb, father of the bridegroom, got the news in Chicago about the same time. Dr. Webb is said to be on his way here from Chicago now. If his son didn't telegraph or telephone him he couldn't have failed to read the news in the morning papers wherever he was.

No Objection to Match.

Neither the Webb nor the Gaynor families had any objections to the match, and it had long been known to them that the young people had resolved to wed. But it was a surprise when the bride called her home and announced the marriage. Both the Mayor and Dr. Webb had advised a wait of a year or so, as William Seward Webb is only twenty-four years of age. He is employed as a clerk in the coupon department of the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co.

The couple were married at the First Presbyterian Church in Wilmington. The ceremony was performed by the pastor, the Rev. J. R. Stoneifer. The witnesses were Mr. and Mrs. Harry K. Vinuat. Mrs. Vinuat is a sister of the bride and was married in Wilmington rather less than a year ago under similar circumstances.

Immediately after the ceremony the party returned to New York and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Pulitzer. Mr. Webb was graduated from Yale in 1906.

The Rev. Mr. Stoneifer, who united Mr. and Mrs. Webb, was sworn to secrecy. Complete arrangements had been made before the arrival of the party and a cabman met them at the station and whisked them to the office of a magistrate, where Miss Gaynor said she was twenty-two years of age. After the necessary papers had been made out and signed the party went on to the church.

When the facts became known Mr. Stoneifer smilingly admitted he had been asked to keep the secret and seemed surprised that the news had gained the ears of newspaper men.

Toast in Soda Water.

Before leaving for New York Mr. and Mrs. Webb and their friends called at the office of Attorney-General Andrew C. Gray, son of Justice George Gray of the Federal bench, and were warmly congratulated by him. Mr. Gray is an old friend of Mr. Vinuat, and when he eloped with Miss Edith Gaynor, Mr. Gray engaged the minister who married them in Wilmington. Mr. Gray had not met Mr. Webb before, and by way of introducing him Mr. Vinuat remarked:

Followed Sister's Example.

"The marriage of Edith and myself here last June set a good example to the Gaynor family. This afternoon Gertrude and W. Seward Webb Jr. were also wedded here. Let me introduce you to the happy couple."

By way of a wedding toast the party, now augmented by Mr. Gray, walked down Market street, the principal thoroughfare, and entered Watson's drug store, where they ordered soda water. Immediately they left the store they went to the Pennsylvania Railroad station, where they were just in time